

Oxford Democrat.

No. 48, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 6, 1847.

Old Series No. 5, Vol. 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. CUMMIS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The ice-crown of Winter has melted away,
The sunbeams are out in their golden array,
The snow on the path of the waters so free
Has glided in foam to the caves of the sea.

A breeze is abroad with a whisper as sweet,
As a voice from the south that would gladden and greet
And bring from the gardens of sunlight and flowers
A breath of that elixir as a token to ours.

And soon will the leaves of the forest appear,
And the green branches wave in the bright atmosphere
And far distant mountains, that limit the eye,
In blue mantles gleam through the haze of the sky.

Then, like a fresh picture, the meadows around
Will start into bloom, and the rivulet's sound
Come forth from the herbage that tangles its brim—
The olden, unceasing, melodious hymn.

The buds of the morn will be crystallized in dew,
But spread their sweet bosoms at noon to the view;
The white clouds will garish, not darken the day,
And sunshine to starlight fade gently away.

The Spirits of Beauty, whose footprints we see
In roses and lilies impressed on the lee,
Will linger around us, and kindly impart
The youth and the gladness of Spring to the heart.

SCRAPS.

WOMEN.—Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowledge. A female thus arrayed, is one of the most interesting objects in creation. Every eye rests upon her pleasures, the learned and the wise, the young and the aged, of the opposite sex, delight in her society, and affix to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reproved in her presence, and vice, in her bold career, shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves the joy, the delight of the domestic circle; she excites the praise, the admiration of the world. A female thus armed, thus equipped, is prepared to encounter every trial which this uncertain state may bring; to raise with proper exaltation to the pinnacle of fortune, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty; to attain, with a cheerful serenity, the highest of bliss, or endure, with patient firmness, the depths of woe.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our minds. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, our equals, slaves, beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect happiness with their virtue.

Thus, therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot degrade women, without himself falling in the degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe these two great divisions of the human race, the east and the west. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women here are loved and honored.—Women then, as well as all others, should be interested in the progress of popular and refined education, and civil and religious liberty.

Preaching.

Nothing speech easy loud applause gain
From shallow hearers, and make preachers vain;
A feather this to tickle itching ears;
But his warm truth must melt a soul to tears;
'Tis this, when aided by th' Almighty arm,
Will wonders work, and miracles perform.

We have seen fools hoard money for the use of
leaves, and some industrious people labor all their
lives, not that themselves might live, but that the idle
might have nothing to do other than to receive their
wages.

Simplicity of taste is to happiness, what simplicity
of heart is to virtue. They favor each other, and both
derive wealth from economy.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I
am glad to see you," than in any other single sen-
tence in the English language.

Where does Camphor come from? It is distilled
from the roots and branches of a species of *Laurus*.
There are also trees in which camphor is found con-
creted in the clefts of the bark. *Laurus* is the gen-
eric name of a species of trees from which cinnamon
and cassia are also obtained.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A TRADITION OF THE TWO WORLDS. A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION. BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Meanwhile, Michael rushed forward, and flung his arms about the old man's neck.
"Father, I am come home! Home for good—home for life! You know, some fourteen years ago, I left this place a boy, I came back a man—a Soldier! A year ago, I left you for my last campaign—it is over—we've beat the Injuns—and now I'm goin' to live and die by your side!"
The old man looked up, and met the joyous glance of those large grey eyes, surveyed the high, straight forehead, and the muscular form, and then silently gathered the hands of his boy within his own.

"God bless you, Michael!" he said, in a clear deep voice, yet with a strong German accent.

"But what's the matter, father? You don't seem well—ain't you glad to see me? Look here—I've brought this old sword home as a present for you. Not very handsome, you'll say, but each of these dents has a story of its own to tell. You see that deep notch? That was made by the cap of a Britisher at Paulus Hook, and this—but God bless me! Father, you are sick—you—"

The old man turned his eyes away, and pressed with a silent intensity the hands of his son.
"Sit down, Michael, I want to talk with you. Michael slid into a huge oaken arm chair; it was placed before the hearth, and opposite a dark paneled door, which opened into the next chamber—the chamber of Alice.

The old man was silent. His head had sunk on his breast; his hands relaxed their grasp. Michael gazed upon him with a vague look of surprise, and then his eyes wandered to the dark-paneled door.

"She is asleep, father?—Shall I go to the door, and call her, or will you? Ah, the good girl will be so glad to see me!"

Still the old man made no answer.

"Ah! I see how it is—he's not well—glad to see me, to be sure, but old age creeps on him. This murmuring, Michael sprang to his feet, seized the light, and advanced to the dark-paneled door. "You see, father, I'll go myself. It will be such a surprise to her! I'll steal softly to her chamber, and—"

The first news she will have of my return, will be my kiss upon her lips!"

He placed his fingers on the latch.

The old man raised his head, beheld him, and started to his feet. With trembling steps, he reached the side of his son.

"My son," he cried, invoking the awful name of God, "do not enter that room!"

You can see Michael start, his chivalrous face expanding with surprise, while the light in his hand falls over the wrinkled features of his father. Those features wear an expression so utterly sad, woe-begone, horror-stricken, that Michael recoils as though a death-bullet had pierced his heart. His hand, as if palsied, shrinks from the latch of the door.

For a moment, there is a pause like death.

You can hear the crackling of the slight fire on the hearth—the hard breathing of the old man—but all beside is terribly still.

"Father, what mean you? I tell you, I can face the blindest charge of bayonets that ever mowed a battlefield of its living men, but this—I know not what to call it—this silence, this mystery,—it chills, yes, it frightens me!"

Still the old man breathed in hollow tones, marked with a deep guttural accent, the name of God, and whispered—

"My son, do not enter that room!"

But it is the room of Alice. She is to be my wife to-morrow—no! she is my wife, plighted and sworn, at this hour! It is the room of Alice.

The voice sunk to a whisper, at once deep and pathetic, as he spoke the last words.

"Come, Michael, sit by me; when I have a little more strength, I will tell you all."

The old man motioned with his right hand toward a seat, but Michael stood beside the dark-paneled door, his sun-burnt face grown suddenly pale as a shroud.

At last, with measured footsteps, he approached the door, grasped the latch, and pushed it open. The light was in his hand. Her room lay open to his gaze, the chamber of Alice, yet he was afraid to look.

Do you see him standing on the threshold, the light extended in one hand, while the other supports his bowed head, and veils his eyes?

"Father," he groaned, "her room is before me, but I cannot look—I stand upon the threshold, but dare not cross it. Speak—and he turned wildly toward the old man—"Speak? I implore ye—tell me the worst!"

The old man stood in the shadows, his hands clasped, his eyes wild and ghastly in their vacant stare, fixed upon the face of the son. No word passed his lips; the horror painted on his countenance seemed too horrible for words.

Michael raised his eyes and looked.

It was there—the same as in the olden time—that chamber in which his mother had once slept—now the chamber of Alice.

Behold a small room, with the clean oaken floor, covered by a homespun carpet; two or three high-backed chairs, placed against the white-washed walls; a solitary window with a deep frame and sunny curtain.

Holding the light above his head, Michael advanced. In the corner, opposite the door, stood a bed, encircled by hangings of plain white—those hangings carefully closed, descending in easy folds to the floor.

The fearful truth all at once rushed upon the soldier's soul. She was dead. Her body, enveloped in the shroud, lay within those hangings; he could see the white hands, frozen into the semblance of marble, folded stiffly over her pulseless bosom. He could see her face,—so pale yet so beautiful, even in death,—and the closed eyelids, the lashes darkening softly over the cheek, the hair, so glossy in its raven blackness, descending gently along the neck, even to the virgin breast.

The curtains of the bed were closed, but he could see it all!

Afraid to look, and by a look confirm his fancy, he turned aside from the bed, and gazed toward the window. Here his heart was wronged by another sight. A plain, old-fashioned bureau covered with a white cloth, and surmounted by a small mirror, oval in form, and framed in dark walnut.

That mirror had reflected her face, only a day past! Beside lay the Bible and Book of Prayer, each bearing on their covers the name of Alice—sacred memorials of the Dead Girl.

This man, Michael was no puny courier. A rude heart, an unlettered soul was his. He embrowned hand had grasped the hand of death a thousand times. Yet that rude heart was softened by one deep feeling—that unlettered soul, which had read its lessons of genius in the Book of Battle, written by an avalanche of swords and bayonets, on the dark cloud of the battle-field—bowed down and worshiped one emotion. His love for Alice! Next to his belief in an all-potent God, he treasured it. Therefore, when he beheld these memorials of the Dead Girl, he felt his heart contract, expand, wither, within him. His own limbs trembled, he tottered, he fell forward on his knees, his face resting among the curtains of the bed.

He dashed the curtains aside—holding the light in his quivering hand, he gazed upon the secret of the bed—the dead body of Alice! No!

The white pillow, unruined by the pressure of a finger—the white coverlet, smooth as a bank of drifted snow, lay before him.

Alice was not there.

"Father!" he groaned, starting to his feet, and grasping the old man, by both hands—"She is dead; I know it! Where have you buried her?"

The father turned his eyes from the face of his son, but made no answer.

"At least, give me some token to remember her," he said, "I myself clasped on the wrist of Alice!"

Then it was that the old man turned, and with a look that never forgot, the soul of his son until his death hour, grasped four brief words:

"Not dead, but—lost!" he said, and turned his face away.

Michael heard the voice, saw the expression of his father's face, and felt the reality of his desolation without another word. He could not speak; there was a choking sensation in his throat, a coldness, like death, about his heart.

In a moment the old man turned again, and in his native German poured forth the story of Alice—her broken vows, and flight, and shame!

"Only this day she fled, and with a stranger!"

The son never asked question more of his father.

One silent grasp of the old man's hand and he strode with measured steps from the room, from the house. Not once did he look back.

He stood upon the porch—the light of the moon falling upon his face, with every lineament tightened like a cord of iron—the eyes, cold and glassy—the lips, clenched and white.

"Here," said he to the old negro, who beheld his changed countenance with horror—"Here is all the gold I have in the world. I earned it by my sword! Take it I will never touch a coin that comes from this accursed soil!"

He passed on, spoke to Old Legion, leaped into the saddle, and was gone! The negro heard a wild laugh borne shrilly along the breeze. The old man who, with his white hairs waving in the moonbeams, came out and stood upon the porch, looked far down the lane, and beheld the white horse and his rider. The moon shone from among the rolling clouds with a light almost like day; the old man beheld every outline of that manly form—saw his cap of fur and steel, and waving cloak, and iron sword in its iron sheath.

Yet never once did he behold the face of his son turned back toward his childhood's home.

On and on! Never mind the fence, with its high rail and pointed stakes. Clear it at a bound, Old Legion! On and on! Never mind the road; the wood is dark, the branches intermingled above our heads, but we will dash through the darkness, Old Legion. On, on, on! Never heed the brook, that brawls before us; it is a tetrable leap, from the rock which rises here, to the rock which darkens yonder, but we must leap it or die, Old Legion! So my brave old boy! Through the wood again; along this hollow, up the hillside, over the marsh. Now the thunder rolls, and the lightning flashes out!—*hurrah!*—A battle we have fought together, but this is the bravest and the last!

—And at last, the blood and sweat, mingling on his white flanks, the gallant old horse stood on the Rock of the Cheesepack, trembling in every limb.

Michael looked far along the waters, while the storm came crashing down again, and, by the lightning glare, beheld, a white sail, raking masts, and a dark hull, careering over the waters. Now, like a mighty bird, diving into the hollows of the watery hills, and she was lost to view. And now, still like a mighty bird, upspringing her wings, she rose again, borne by the swell of a tremendous wave as if to the very clouds.

A very beautiful sight it was to see, even by

the light of that lurid flash—this thing, with the long, dark hull, the raking masts and the white sail!

She came bounding over the bay; the wind and waves borne her towards the rock.

In a moment the resolution of Michael was taken. One glance toward the white sail, one upon the darkened sky, and then he quietly drew his pistol.

"Come, Old Legion!"—he said, laying his hand upon the main of the horse—"You are the only friend I ever trusted, who did not betray me!"

"The first word he had spoken since the old man whispered 'Lost,' in his ears.

"Come, Old Legion, your master is about to leave his native soil forever! He cannot take you with him. Yonder's the sail that must bear him away from this accursed spot forever. He cannot take you with him, Old Legion, but he will do a kind deed for you. No one, but Michael, ever crossed your back, nor shall you ever hear another! Your master is about to kill you, Old Legion!"

Nearer drew the white sail—nearer and nearer!—The sailors on the deck beheld that strange sight, standing out from the background of the dark clouds—the rock, the white horse and the dismantled soldier, with the pistol in his hand.

They saw the white horse lay his head against his master's breast, they heard his long and piercing neigh, as though the old steed felt the battle tramp stir his blood once more.

They heard the report of a pistol; saw a human form spring wildly into the waves; while the white horse, dropping on his fore-legs, with the blood streaming from his breast, upon the rock, raised his dying head aloft, and uttered once more that long and piercing howl.

They saw a head rising above the waves—then all was dark night again. There was hurrying to and fro upon the vessel's deck; a rope was thrown; voices, hoarse with shouting, mingled with the thunder-peat, and at last, as if by a miracle, the drowning man was saved.

"What would you here?" exclaimed a tall dark bearded man, whose form was clad in a strangely mingled costume of sailor and bandit—"What would you here?"

As he spoke, he confronted the form Michael dripping from head to foot with spray. The lightning illuminated both forms, and showed the sailors, who looked on, two men, worthy to command your ship's crew or to lead the band of the dark-bearded man sought his dirk as he spoke.

The lightning glare showed Michael's face; its every lineament coloured in crimson light.—There was no quivering in his bold, grey eye, no fear upon his broad, straight forehead.

Even amid the storm, an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped the sailors.

"As a friend,"—his voice, deep and hollow, was heard above the war of the storm. "Only bear me from yonder accursed shore!"

"But sometimes, when out upon the sea, we hoist the Black Flag, with a Skull and Crossbones prettily painted on its folds. What say you now? Friend or Foe? Comrade or Spy?"

"I care not how dark your flag, nor how bloody the murder, which ye do, upon the sea—all I ask is this: Bear me from yonder shore, and I am your friend to the death!"

And swelling with a sense of his unutterable wrongs, this bravest of the brave, even Michael of Lee's gallant Legion, extended his hand, and grasped the blood-stained fingers of the Pirate Chief.

Then, the wild hurrah of the pirate-band mingled with the roar of the thunder, and—as the vessel went quivering over the waters—the red glare of the lightning revealed the dark-bearded face of the Pirate Chief, the writhing countenance of the doomed soldier.

Their hands were clasped. It was a Covenant of Blood.

That night, while the Pirate-Ship went bounding over the bay, Michael flung himself upon the deck, near the door of the Captain's cabin, and slept. As he slept a dream came over his soul.

Not a dream of the girl who had pressed her kiss upon his lip and then betrayed him, nor a vision of Lost Alice. No! Nor of the grey-haired father, who stood on the porch, gazing after the form of his son, with his white hair floating in the moonbeams.

Nor even of that gallant horse, that white-maned old Legion, the only friend, he had trusted that never betrayed him! No!

But of a battle! Not only of one battle, but a succession of battles, that seemed to whirl their awful storm of cannon and bayonet and sword, not merely over one country, but over a world.

The heaps of dead men that Michael saw in his sleep, made the blood curdle in his veins. It seemed as though the People of a World had died, and lay rotting unburied in the gorges of mountains, on the gentle slopes of far-extending plains; in the streets of cities, too, they lay packed in horrible compactness, side by side, like pebbles on the shore.

Many strange thing Michael saw in this, his strange dream; but amid all, he beheld one face, whose broad, expansive brow, and deep, burning eyes, seemed to woo his soul. That face was everywhere. Sometimes amid the grey clouds of battle, smiling calmly, while ten thousand living men were mowed away by one battle blast.

Sometimes by the glare of burning cities, this face was seen: its calm sublimity of expression,—that beautiful forehead, in which a soul, greater than earth, seemed to make its home, those dark eyes which gleamed a supernatural fire—all shown in terrible contrast, with the confusion and havoc that encircled it.

That face was everywhere. And it seemed to Michael as he slept, that it came very near him, and as these scenes passed rapidly before his eyes, that the face whispered three words.

These words Michael never forgot; strange words they were, and those are the scenes which accompanied them.

The first word:—A strange city where domes and towers were ivested with a splendour at once Barbaric and Oriental, with flames whirling about these domes and towers, while the legions of an invading Host shrank back from the burning town by tens of thousands, into graves of ice and snow. The face was there looking upon the mass of fire—the soldiers dying in piles, with a horrible resignation.

The second word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and valleys crowded as if by millions of men.—There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there: cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

The third word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and valleys crowded as if by millions of men.—There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there: cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

Yes, it seemed to Michael in this his strange dream, that the Face was the cause of it all. For the Kings of the Earth, having (or claiming) a Divine Commission to Murder, each one on his own account, hated fervently this Face.—Hated fervently its broad forehead and earnest eyes. Hated it so much, that they assembled a World to cut it into pieces, and hack its memory from the hearts of men.

Michael in his dream saw this face grow black, and sink beneath an ocean of blood. It rose no more!

Yes, it rose again! When, The third word was spoken, it rose again.—Michael saw this face—with its awful majesty and unutterable beauty—chained to a rock, yet smiling all the while. Smiling, through all manner of unclean beast and birds were about it—here a vulture slowly picking those dark eyes—forehead, so sublime even in this sad hour.

And it seemed to Michael that amid all the scenes, which he had beheld in this his terrible dream, that the last—that glorious face, smiling even while it was chained to a rock tortured by jackals and vultures, was most terrible.

With a start, Michael awoke.

The first gleams of day were in the Eastern sky and over the waters. His strange fearful dream was yet upon his soul; those three words seemed ringing forever in his ears.

As he arose, something bright glittered on the deck at his feet. He stooped and gathered it in his grasp. It was his mother's bracelet. An antique thing; some links of gold and a medalion, set with fragments of glossy dark hair.

How came it there? upon the Pirate-Ship, out on the waves?

Michael pressed it to his lips, and stood absorbed in deep thought.

While thus occupied, the muttered conversation of two sailors, who stood near him, came indistinctly to his ears. Far be it from me to repeat the horrid blasphemies, the hideous obscenities of these men, whom long days and nights of crime, had embroiled into savage beasts. Let me at once tell you that a name which they uttered, coupled with many an oath and jest, struck like a knell on Michael's ear. Another word—he listens—turns and gazes on the cabin door.

Those words may well turn to ice the blood in his veins.

For as they blaspheme and jest, a laugh—wild, yet musical, comes echoing through the cabin door.

As Michael hears that laugh, he disappears in the darkness of the companion-way, holding the bracelet in his hand.

An hour passed—day was abroad upon the waters—but Michael appeared on deck no more.

In his stead, from the companion-way, there came a stout, muscular man, clad in the coarsest sailor attire, his face stained with ochre, a close-fitting skull-cap drawn over his forehead, even to the eye-brows. A rude Pirate, this, somewhat manly in the expansion of his chest, no doubt, but who, in the uncouth shape, before us, would recognize the Hero of the Legion, the bravest of the brave?

He was leaning over the side of the ship gazing into the deep waves, when the door of the Pirate Captain's cabin was opened, and the Captain appeared. You can see his muscular form, clad in a dress of green, laced with gold; plumes waving aside from his swarthy brow; his limbs, encased in boots of soft doe-skin. Altogether, an elegant murderer; an exquisite Pirate, from head to foot.

The rude sailor—or Michael, as you please to call him—leaning over the side of the ship, heard the Pirate Captain approach, heard the light footsteps, which mingled its echoes with the sound of his heavy tread. Light footsteps? Yes, for a beautiful woman hung on the Pirate's arm, her form, clad in the garb of an Eastern Sultana, her dark flowing hair relieved by the gleam of pearls.

As she came along the deck, she looked up tenderly into his face, and her light laugh rang merrily on the air.

Michael turned, beheld her, and survived the

horror of that look! She knew him not; the soldier and hero was lost in his uncouth disguise. It was—Alice.

Let us now hurry on, over many days of blood and battle, and behold the Pirate Ship sunk in the ocean, its masts and shrouds devoured by flames, while the water engulfs its hull.

Three persons alone survived that wreck. You see them, yonder, by the light of the morning sun, borne by a miserable raft over the gentle swelling waters.

Three persons, who have lived for days and nights without bread or water. Let us look upon them, and behold in its various shapes the horrors of famine.

In that wretched form, laid on his back, his hollow cheeks reddened by the sunbeams, his parched eye-balls upturned to the sky who would recognize the gallant—Pirate Chief?

By his side crouches a half-clad female form, beautiful even amid horrors worse than death, although her eyes are fired with unnatural light, her cheek flushed with the unhealthy redness of fever, her lips burning in their vivid crimson hues.

Starvation is gnawing at her vitals, and yet she is beautiful; look—how wondrously her dark hair floats over her snowy shoulders! Is this—Alice?

The third figure, a rude sailor, his face stained with dark red hues, a skull-cap drawn down to his eyebrows. Brave Michael, of Lee's Legion. He sits with his elbows resting on his knees, his cheeks supported by his hands, while his eyes are turned to the uprising sun.

A groan quivers along the still air. It is the last howl of the Pirate Chief; with that sound—half-blessing, half-prayer—he dies.

His bride—so beautiful, even yet amid famine and despair—covers her lips with kisses, and at last, grasping the sailor by the arm, begs him to save the life of her—husband!

The sailor turns, tears the cap from his brow; the paint has turned from his face.

Alice and Michael confront each other, alone on that miserable raft, a thousand miles from shore.

Who would dare to paint the agony of her look, the horror of the shriek which rent her bosom?

Only once she looked upon, and then sunk stiffened and appalled beside pirate her husband, but a calm smile illumined Michael's face; he towered erect upon the quivering raft, and drew some bread and a flagon of water—precious as gold—from the pocket of his coarse sailor jacket.

"For you," he said, in that low-toned voice with which he had plighted his eternal troth to her—"For you I have left my native land. For you I have left my father, alone and desolate in his old age. For you—not by any means the last of all my sufferings—I have killed the good old war-horse, the only friend, whom I ever trusted, that did not betray me. For you, Alice, I am an outcast, wanderer, exile! Behold my revenge! You are starving—I feed you—give you meat and drink. You are dying—I save you—place you under a tree where water may be grasped, and then turned with folded arms to gaze upon the rising sun. Do you see that muscular form, towering from the raft—high, straight forehead, glowing in the light of the dawning day?

He turned again: there was a dead man at his feet; a dead woman before his eyes.

There may have been agony at his heart but his face was unsoftened by emotion. With his lineaments moulded in iron rigidity, he resumed his gaze toward the rising sun.

At last, a sail came gleaming into view—the hull of a man-of-war—and then, bright and beautiful upon the morning air, fluttered the glorious emblem of Hope and Promise—the tri-colored FLAG OF FRANCE.

Years passed, glorious years, which beheld a World in motion for its rights and freedom.

There came a day, when the sun beheld a sight like this:—A man of noble presence, whose forehead, broad, and high and straight, shone with the cavalry of a great soul, stood erect, in the presence of his executioners.

Those executioners, his own soldiers, who shed tears as they levelled their pieces at his heart.

This man of noble presence was guilty of three crimes, for which the crowned robbers of Europe could never forgive him.

1. He had risen from the humblest of the people, and become a General, a Marshal, a Duke.

2. He was the friend of a great and good man, when all the crowned robbers, the appointed assassins of Europe, conspired to crush him, this General, Marshal and Duke refused to desert the great and good man.

For this he was to be shot—shot by his own soldiers, who could not restrain their tears as they gazed in his face.

Let us also gaze, gaze upon him, mark each outline of his face and form, just at the moment when the muskets are leveled at his heart and answer the question—Does not this General, Marshal, Duke, now standing in presence of his Death-men, strangely resemble that Michael whom we have seen on the banks of the Chesapeake—the Hero of Lee's Legion—Brave of the Brave?

Ere the question can be answered, the Hero waves his hand. Looking his soldiers fixedly in the face, he feels in that voice which they have so often heard in the thickest of the fight—"At my heart, commands!"

As he falls, bathed in blood, the victim of a "Holy Assassination," let us learn what words were those which brave Michael, long years ago heard whispered in his dream, what face was that which, with its sublime forehead and earnest eyes, spoke those words? Let us also learn who was this soldier Michael, of Lee's Legion?

The words? The first, Moscow—the second, Waterloo—the third, St. Helena.

The face? Napoleon.

This soldier of Lee's Legion, the bravest of the Brave? MICHAEL NEY.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The idea of a Legend on the subject of the Southern Literary Messenger, which presents the most plausible reasons for the identity of Major Michael Ney, of Lee's Legion, with Michael Ney, the Marshal and Hero of France, who was basely murdered after the battle of Waterloo.

In this article, it is distinctly stated that in personal appearance Ney and Kluch were strikingly alike, both described as follows: "Five feet eight inches in height—a powerful man, though not fat—of high but forthright, grey eyes, straight nose, prominent cheekbones and fine complexion."

After a brilliant career in the Revolutionary War, and a campaign under Wayne, among the Indians, Major Kluch's absence, and his spring for the night at the residence of a brother. The exact words of the article: "Here, he became to a domestic revolution of the most cruel and a most lasting character—of such a sort, as to determine not to return to his family."

The next intelligence of him, comes from Revolutionary France. He soon disappeared, and Ney, a man strikingly like the English family, was viewed as a foreigner by the French, and called in derision the "Foreign Tobacco Merchant."

In short, the evidence placed before us, in this article, which can never be refuted, is that the important point: that Ney and Kluch were the same man. While on this topic, we may remark, that Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, was a soldier in our Revolution. The reader will of course understand that the Legend above given, we are also responsible for the details, as well as all variations from the plain narrative of fact.

Which true or false, it is a splendid subject for a Picture of the Past: That the same heroic Legion of Lee, which earned for itself the epithet of "The Legion of the Brave," the French, the British, the gallant Marshal Ney, the bravest of the Brave.

The marriage of the Rev. J. N. Moffitt to Miss Smith, in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Monday evening, was rather too numerously attended, and the Advertiser says:—

"But for the presence of a large body of officers and watchmen, scenes of great violence and disorder would unquestionably have ensued. At least a thousand persons assembled in front of Justice Peirce's house (where the hymenial rites were performed) and every species of description of annoyance, every possible invention for discord was brought into requisition, to assail the ears and disturb the harmony of the newly wedded pair, and the guests. Gong, cat calls, superannated kettles, cracked drums, and other offensive instruments were paraded in front of the bridal chamber, while bonfires of tar barrels and straw, and a profusion of minor pyrotechnics threw a vivid glare over the merry group, and gave additional ludicrousness to the tableau."

The hubbub was caused by the difference in the ages of the parties. Mr. Moffitt is about 50 years old, the bride is said to be 16. The noisy cavalcade meddled with what was none of their business.

THE DEBT OF ENGLAND.—A writer in the London Times purports that the national debt of Great Britain shall be paid off at once by a direct property tax. The debt is now \$500,000,000 pounds. The value of public and private property, he estimates at 4,500,000,000 pounds and suggests a tax of 20 per centum on this property, which would be more than enough to liquidate the whole debt forthwith. He thinks it would only be putting money out of one end of the purse into the other, as the debt is principally due to British subjects; and that with 4-5ths of their present property, the people would actually be free from debt and freedom from taxation, excepting a moderately increased income tax, to pay current expenses. The annual revenue now to be collected is about 50,000,000 pounds. The poor, we should think, would like this plan. They are the really tax payers.—Boston Traveller.

A Patriotic Clergyman. Captain Walker is enlisting men for his company of "Rifles at Annapolis. The correspondent of the Charleston News gives the following anecdote.

The son of a Rev. Mr. Collins made up his mind to go, and went and asked his parent's permission, being a minor. The father endeavored to dissuade him from his intention, but finding son to Capt Walker's rendezvous, enlisted his son and saw him sworn into service, telling him he was only apprenticed for five years to "Uncle Sam."

"Now, my son, I wish you to understand me; you have taken the oath to support the flag of your country, and if, when you meet a foe you should ever run—run by him, and don't stop there, for I will never owe you again."

Set Piece after the Sermon. Some choirs are in the habit of performing a set piece, having for its sole object a display of their musical proficiency, immediately after the sermon. If ever there was a device to take away the seed sown, this is one. Sing Yankee Doodle, Zip Coon, or any thing else, before the sermon, if a display must be made; but let the singing which follows the discourse, be with the utmost care adapted to deepen its impression and press home its truths. If the last singing cannot be made to do this better by all means omit it altogether. Strange that the idea should ever have been entertained, that display in the sanctuary is right, under any circumstances.—Musical Gazette.

The Federalists during the last war, opposed their country in important measures. This aided the enemy. They gave their influence to bring disgrace in the eyes of the world upon this nation.

The Democrats stood by their country and defended it right.

Now we find the Whig party, a legitimate offspring of the federalists, busy at work to disgrace our country for its course in defending its rights against Mexican outrages. Their influence is with the enemy now as then.

They have not changed. Neither have the Democrats. Now as then, the Democracy and Whig federalism as well as a foreign foe.

New States. Wisconsin has been admitted into the Union, and will be represented in Congress at the next session. The opening of the thirtieth Congress will witness a representation from thirty States. Originally we numbered only thirteen States, now we are thirty. It is certainly in the territory now belonging to us, to say nothing of that which may be acquired, there is cause for apprehension of danger in this increase.

The link which binds each State to the Union is becoming stronger every day.

Glorious News from the Army. BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA. GEN. TAYLOR VICTORIOUS!

Mexican loss 4,000!
American loss 700!!

The news of a great battle at Buena Vista, about six miles West of Saltillo, between 17,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna in person, and 5,000 Americans, chiefly volunteers, under Gen. Taylor, is confirmed; and wonderful to say, the latter achieved a glorious triumph. The loss of the Mexicans, in killed and wounded, is stated at 4,000, and that of the Americans about 700, including Colo. Yell, McKee, Hardin, and Henry.

A shot passed through Gen. Taylor's coat, and Santa Anna had a horse killed under him.

Among the Mexicans killed or wounded were several Gen. officers, among whom is Gen. Lombardini. Particulars follow:

LATEST FROM THE ARMY.
Battle of Buena Vista!—Santa Anna's Army cut to pieces—Mexican loss 4,000—American 700—Sixty-three American Officers killed and wounded—Loss of Colo. Yell, Hardin, H. Clay Jr. and McKee.

From the N. O. Picayune.

We lay before our readers in advance of our regular publication the glorious tidings from the Army brought by the schooner John Bell. Our reporter left the vessel in the river, and came up to the town by express with the news.

The following account was prepared for us by an officer in the army. It may be relied upon by the friends of the U. S. Army.

Memoranda of the Battle.
Prepared for the editors of the Picayune, by Lieut. J. J. C. Bibb of the U. S. Army.

Dr. Turner, of the U. S. A., who arrived at Matamoros on the 9th inst., from Monterey, brought the glorious intelligence of another brilliant victory over the Mexican army. The scene of action was at Buena Vista, about 6 miles west of Saltillo.

The fighting commenced on the 23d February and ended on the 23d. Santa Anna retired to Agua Nueva, a distance of 10 miles, leaving 4,000 killed and wounded upon the field. The Santa Anna's forces amounted to at least 17,000 men. Those of Gen. Taylor to about 5,000, almost entirely volunteers.

His army is composed of Washington's and Bragg's Artillery, and Thomas's Batteries, one squadron of the 1st and 2d dragoons, the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, a brigade of Illinois and one also of Indiana volunteers, the first Mississippi and Texas Regiments, and one of Louisiana.

Dr. T. brought a list of sixty-three officers killed and wounded. I left in such haste that I was unable to obtain a copy.

From the N. O. Delta, March 23.

On the 9th March, Dr. Turner, U. S. A. after many dangers and hair-breadth escapes, arrived in safety at Matamoros. Previous to his arrival, the communications between Monterey and our forces on the Rio Grande, had been closed for several days. Dr. Turner communicated to one of our correspondents a hurried account of the severe battles of Buena Vista, fought between Gen. Santa Anna's forces, about 17,000 strong, and Gen. Taylor's little army, between 4 and 5,000, mostly volunteers. The battle began on the 23d, a fit day for the display of American patriotism and valor. The scene of this bloody fight was at Buena Vista, the point upon which Gen. Taylor had fallen back from Agua Nueva, and is about seven miles from Saltillo.

The Mexicans advanced upon him with great boldness, bravely led on by their best officers, and were met by our gallant volunteers with the cool firmness of veteran soldiers. A fierce and bloody battle ensued, the Mexicans charging with their bayonets to the very muzzle of our artillery and receiving the deadly and destructive fire of our guns, with unflinching courage. Our men gave not an inch, but maintained their position on the bloody field the whole day of the 23d and on the next day until evening, when the Mexicans retired to Agua Nueva, leaving their killed and wounded, and all their wounded, in the field where they fell. The killed and wounded on the Mexican side are estimated at 4,000. Some of the Mexican officers taken prisoners admit their loss was at least 2,000. The American loss was about 700 killed and wounded. The victory has been achieved at great sacrifice on our part. The hottest part of the fight and consequently the number of field officers killed and wounded is lamentably great. Every volunteer colonel but one was either killed or wounded.

The despatches of Gen. Taylor, it is supposed, have been intercepted by the enemy between Monterey and Camargo.

The San Luis Potosi journal El Salda de la Patria, publishes a brief letter from Castoreo, dated the 25th ult., in which it is said that an action was fought at Encantada on the 24th in which Gen. Mian won a victory, taking six pieces of artillery, killing three hundred and making some prisoners.

From the N. O. Delta, March 23, 12 M.

Additional Particulars.
On the 22d Santa Anna began the battle, by various maneuvers, attempting to outflank and defeat Old Rough and Ready. On that day the battle was confined to skirmishing and cannonading with much effect on either side.

In the mean time, Santa Anna had sent a large force to Taylor's rear, but our artillery was so well posted that they were unable to do any harm, and were compelled to withdraw.

On the 23d the battle commenced in real earnest, and raged with great violence during the day.

The Americans did not wait to be attacked, but with the most daring impetuosity charged on the enemy with loud huzzas, their officers leading them most gallantly. Gen. Taylor was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. He received a ball through his overcoat, but was not injured.

Adjutant Bliss was slightly wounded at his side. Adjutant Lincoln, also of the General's staff, the intrepid young officer who so distinguished himself at Resaca de la Palma, was killed.

The battle of the 23d lasted from early in the morning, till about 3 P. M., when Santa Anna drew off his army, and retired to Agua Nueva, awaiting a reinforcement.

It will be remembered that Santa Anna's Corps de Reserve, commanded by Gen. Vesdemouze, had been delayed in its march, and has not yet joined him, a few days after the battle, but in the meantime his army is starving and many of his men deserting.

Capt. Hunter's strong artillery company was not in the action, but had left Monterey to join Gen. Taylor, with six cannon, two of them being 18 pounders.

On the 7th March one of the Ohio regiments also left Monterey to join Gen. Taylor. If these and the artillery of Captain Prentiss arrive in time, the General's heavy loss will be fully repaired, and he will be ready to meet Santa Anna again.

General Taylor, at the last accounts, was still maintaining his position, undisturbed by the enemy. An exchange of prisoners had taken place. Marshall, to get back C. M. Clay and his party, by taking Mexican prisoners enough to exchange for them, has been fully redeemed.

Gen. Wool, greatly distinguished himself in the action; and the officers fought like heroes. After the battle, Gen. Taylor demanded of Santa Anna an unconditional surrender of his whole army, which the latter declined; but in return requested Gen. Taylor to surrender immediately. (Immortal be the reply of Old Rough and Ready, as delivered by the gallant Lieut. Crittenden—

Gen. Taylor Never Surrenders!

Santa Anna's Adjutant General was captured by the Americans, but was afterwards exchanged. Gen. Taylor occupied his ground on the 24th and 25th without opposition.

Col. Morgan, of the Ohio volunteers with a small force, cut his way through large bodies of armed Mexicans, and arrived at Matamoros. A detachment of three companies under command of Col. Giddins, was sent to his aid, and the whole party are said to have arrived safely at Monterey. A train of 100 loaded wagons of the United States on their way from Monterey to Camargo, under an escort of 30 volunteers, was captured by a body of Mexican cavalry, a few miles beyond Matamoros. Three of the men made good their escape—the rest were taken prisoners.

A young lady, daughter of an American citizen, living in Mexico and returning home from New Orleans, where she had been visiting, was taken prisoner with the Mexicans. She had escaped and arrived at Monterey in safety, where her misfortunes had excited the most lively sympathy. The lady's name is Miss Barnes.

The Mexicans have possession of Seralvo, Chichu, Mier, and all the towns between Camargo and Monterey. Major Balfie, paymaster will carry on Gen. Taylor's despatches to Monterey.

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The following, from the Tampien Sentinel, gives the Mexican account of the battle of Buena Vista, which, to our mind, is a conclusive proof of our victory, as that which comes from General Taylor's camp.

Our city was thrown into a great state of excitement yesterday by the receipt of news from San Luis Potosi, giving the particulars of a bloody engagement between the American forces under Gen. Taylor, and those of the Mexicans under Santa Anna, at a point called Buena Vista. As these details are from a Mexican journal, we of course have received them as such, and give them just so much credence as each individual may suppose to be worth, making a proper allowance for the disposition of this people to exaggerate everything, from the noble conflict of two courageous armies to the shames of the day.

The enemy, outnumbering our army about four to one, and standing as it were upon the way of interested friends in all parts of the country, together with correct knowledge of its geographical and geological character, and many other facts calculated to favor him, is reduced to the necessity of inventing subtleties to account for an unpardonable want of success, amounting in a word to a defeat. This is humiliating indeed. Twenty to twenty-two thousand men against four or five thousand, with all the attending favorable circumstances, and yet that the larger force should acknowledge the necessity of falling back, after less than two days' battle, is most incredible—we would be inclined to think the despatches of Santa Anna a forgery, as far as this acknowledged goes, did we not find it in one of the primis under the patronage of his government. But here is the precious document!

[The letter of Santa Anna's we are obliged to defer until next week.

In addition to the above, we find in the same paper a private letter from an officer in the Mexican army, giving some facts which, when colorfully order mingled with the horrible. At first he states that the Mexican army were then encamped upon the same ground which they had previously occupied; from which we infer that they had been driven from it and had been able to recover it, either from the fact that the Americans had chosen some other camping ground, or that they generously permitted them to remain where they were.

In the morning of the day, they found themselves at the close of the contest. He found that the loss of the Mexicans was about 10,000 men, and that their disposition to retreat was so great that Santa Anna was compelled to return to Agua Nueva, from which we are led to suppose, as before stated, that General Taylor never intended to make a decided stand at this point, but manifested such a disposition only to

draw the enemy into a fight and thereby greatly weaken his forces as well as retard his designs.

He states a little circumstance, which, not being mentioned in the despatch of Santa Anna, must be received as a flight of imagination on the part of the writer, viz: that two officers, belonging to the army of Gen. Taylor, had been received under cover of a flag of truce—that their eyes were bandaged and they led before the mighty and august General, who took particular pains to strike them with terror by a display of the splendor of his overwhelming force, besides informing them that he would listen to no terms of capitulation other than a discretionary surrender.

This looks queer in the face of Santa Anna's own declaration of his intention to fall back upon Agua Nueva, and an admission that his army had been cut up. It is stated in the same letter that in many instances contests were served over the body of the dead American soldier for the pieces of meat found in his haversack and for the water in his canteen.

It is highly probable that the loss on the part of the Mexican forces is about 2,000 men whilst that of the American side is about 500. Gen. Taylor has, no doubt, fallen back upon Saltillo, or continued his course towards Monterey. Some rumors say that the country between Saltillo and Monterey is filled with armed Mexicans; also, between Monterey and Camargo, and between Matamoros and the Brazos; but we doubt the truth of them; and if true, we doubt their ability to get possession of any important point. There was a story yesterday that the Mexicans had taken possession of Point Isabel, and that the sch. Swan, which arrived yesterday, brought a confirmation of these facts. We need only to say that there is not a word of truth in the report, as far as she is concerned, and that no such news had been officially received by the commander of this city.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PARIS, APRIL 6, 1847.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

THE BATH TRIBUNE vs. DEMOCRACY, ONCE MORE.

The Bath Tribune has the following quotation from an article in a late Democrat:

"Negro slavery is not the only slavery nor the worst in the world. White slavery exists in its worst forms in this country, and even New England."

And for this we are accused of "calling the laborers of the North slaves." We, however, said no such thing. We are far from believing that honest labor is, of itself, slavery in its worst form, or any form. But does the Tribune deny the truth of the quotation? No. He only wishes to give it a false impression. He knows it is true. Suppose then, when he speaks of the wrongs of Southern slaves, we should accuse him of slandering the slave, would it be fair? Certainly not. And yet, when we speak of the wrongs of white slavery, we are called "slaves of the North."

Have its readers believe that we "slandered the Northern laborer?" This is the way he practices Democracy. He knows very well that the most of the free blacks in our large cities have to endure more hardships and privations than Southern slaves, and their circumstances are such that, on their part, it is unavoidable. Many of the servants of aristocratic-Whig and Abolitionist families are obliged to submit to the most degrading servitude. They are made the slaves of necessity. For the last ten or fifteen years, thousands and thousands of seamstresses have been obliged to work for large clothing establishments in New York, Boston, and other cities, from twelve to eighteen hours in a day, for a mere pittance, not enough to save them from real destitution—they were made slaves to the avarice of others. Honest laborers, too, have been proscribed for opinion's sake, and obliged to vote the whig ticket, or to be turned out of employ, and their means of preserving their families from suffering and want. Well, there is not much liberty in a man's being obliged to put into the ballot-box the vote for a master-bidder, or slave; and manhood in such circumstances are virtually enslaved. Slavery exists in many other forms, and it was in this sense we spoke of slavery in the North. We spoke not against the oppressed, but the oppressor. We honor the laborer, being one ourselves, and respect his rights. We would have him receive as fair a price for his labor, as the capitalist for his money;—and we hope never to be made a tool to create against his interest. How is it, if the whigs have so much interest for the laborer, that they are so excessive upon the subject of creating their condition, and increasing their prosperity? Let it be intimated that the rich in many cases oppress the poor, and the whigs—and the Tribune does the same thing—seem to take it in high dudgeon, talk about your "evils," and tell the laborer, making an effort in their own behalf, that the "basest of human passions is at the root of their low-bred malice;" and still would fain make the poor believe that whoever speaks of their wrongs, slanders them; as if to live in a land of freedom, the subject to whig dictation and oppression, was all the privilege and honor they should ask, "whatever hardships may have been and still are their lot!"—and that they enjoy as much freedom as those who would improve their condition. But we are none the less slaves, when deprived of our rights and of the enjoyment of freedom, because living in a free country.

The Tribune professes real love for the laborer, and for the "dear people," and yet he notices but indifferently the efforts of the Bath Mechanics to limit the hours of labor, and advocates most strenuously the claims of a party that has always shown a want of confidence in the laboring classes, considering their "huge power" as unfit to be placed on the "Statute Book," and them as too vulgar to associate with the "better born." And as a specimen of his love for the people, he endorses a speech of Senator Corwin, in which he speaks of "that high power—the idol god—(which the people of this country have made to themselves and call a President)." Thus, he calls the people idolaters; but who of the people is there that will not "hurl back such an imputation," and allow him that they are not worshippers of men, neither will they bow down with him and his worshippers, the Tribune, to the shrine of party.

Democracy—before humanity, do they act up to it?

Palmer, Mr. T. Probably you was to add, "and allow their motto;" and tie. By the way, the ers of the definition comes, giving them in making up their And without, please with too much "evils"—and we enter "till he gets out of his hands [from] the enemy" on the Catholic religion in that you will receive interest, and "the be dispelled, and s [not the intolerance]

But what? Tribune declares to create party—the to starve our army to prolong the time quired by Governm they acknowledged terminated before t wands of one man humane to threaten Yes, and they are t take care of the po

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"CONDITION This is a sul imperfectly und by the people; should be a grea nations. Some—that those wh they happen to de na they are o oppressive polie fruits of the inde olics, or concern ing of severe s me? erica the are not our farm too, for all that sale price for the cles produced or for the educatio nance of the pos of benevolent a do we not pay a for all we eat, d farmer and mee the most honorab laboring classes patriotic, and pl of those who are mean some of th they would have But let us, with question: By w obtained the mon and business of by honest industriness? If so, t they enjoy. But el their wealth b ers, or the produ fraud committed ings of officers, c ment, or any othe are guilty of a sh be redressed by ve say, in all m unity, why live rendering anyth they receive—s who have no s nificance—such a tion, the reader c all and singular s so much, as that useful.

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The Tribune takes the testimony of Mr. Calhoun as state evidence, to prove the Democratic party in the wrong. Well, upon the same testimony we might prove that the whigs are "knaves and villains," "traitors," "without principle," "disunionists." They have declared it to be their duty "to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." A whig, who turned state's evidence, and understood well the character and works of his accomplices, declared that "the system of the Federal Whigs had filled the land with a set of men who are too lazy to follow any regular occupation, and whose dependence for a livelihood is on what they can extort from the pockets of the 'working men.'" And to prove that the whigs have no principle but that of opposition, we have the testimony of Daniel Webster. He once said in Faneuil Hall, that "they oppose all the measures of the administration, for the good of the country, but have proposed none." We can also prove—our enemies being judges—that the Democratic party is composed of men of principle, and that money cannot swerve them from it. Says a whig paper, "Politically speaking, we don't believe there is a Locofoco in the land who would give up his principles, even if by so doing, he could sow rusty nails and reap double crops."

As to the insinuation that we are the slave of party, we turn that "vile slander" back to the Tribune where it belongs. He says, "if we mean that kind of slavery, he agrees with us," that is, he knows by experience that it is true—very likely.

The Tribune may rest assured that, whenever we have spoken of Democracy, and urged him to practice it, we have meant "real Democracy," and not that "bastard Democracy," of which Daniel Webster, the "Godlike," is the father; but he is so allied to the latter, that we despair of his ever being converted to the former.

"CONDITION OF THE LABORING CLASSES."

This is a subject often talked about, and still but imperfectly understood. It is variously conceived of by the people; and we need not wonder that there should be a great variety of opinion in relation to these matters. Some seem to think that all is well enough—that those who labor are well provided for; and if they happen to utter a complaint, concerning the burdens they are compelled to bear, or concerning the oppressive policy of those who live at ease upon the fruits of the industry of others, or concerning monopolies, or concerning any thing else, they are deserving of severe and unqualified reprehension. Bless me! cries the speculator upon things not his own, are not our farmers and mechanics paid, and well paid, too, for all that they market? Do we not give them a fair price for their grain, their vegetables, their articles produced or manufactured? Do we not provide for the education of their children, for the maintenance of the poor, for the establishment and support of benevolent and philanthropic institutions? And do we not pay our taxes, and pay our debts, and pay for all we eat, drink, and wear? Do we not give the farmer and mechanic the honor of being engaged in the most honorable occupations? Why, then, do the laboring classes complain? Such, most wise, and patriotic, and philanthropic reader! such is the logic of those who are "rich and increased in goods"—we mean some of them—and such is the fallacy which they would have you receive as political orthodoxy. But let us, with due consideration, ask the simple question: By what means have the non-producers obtained the money with which to pay for the comforts and luxuries of life? Did they obtain their wealth by honest industry—by application to some useful business? If so, then are they evidently entitled to all they enjoy. But if, on the contrary, they have obtained their wealth by speculating upon the labor of others, or the products of that labor, or by any legalized fraud committed upon the rights, privileges, or earnings of others, either by low cunning, low management, or any other unfair means, then, we say, they are guilty of a flagrant wrong, and that wrong should be redressed by those in authority over us. Now we say, in all sincerity, that there is a class of community, who live upon the earnings of others, without rendering anything like a fair equivalent for what they receive—such are the hosts of idle coxcombs who have no other recommendation save their insignificance—such are thousands that we need not mention, the reader can call them to mind—and such are all and singular of those who dread no other dishonor so much, as that of being suspected of a desire to be useful.

Democracy.—"Party before the country—interest before humanity, is their motto, and most faithfully do they act up to it."—*Bath Tribune*.

Palau, Mr. Tribune, you mean no such thing.—Probably you were thinking of the whigs, and forgot to add, "and always the enemy before our country, is their motto;" and well do they reduce them to practice. By the way, will the Tribune remind his readers of the definition of "traitor"—"adhering to his enemies, giving them aid and comfort?" it may aid them in making up their minds relative to his character.—And whilst, please agree Mr. Cass—do not treat him with too much "contempt," it would not be democratic—and we entreat of thee to let the President live, "till he gets out of that 'unholy war,'" and washes "his hands" being red with blood." Do this, and we will endeavor to excuse your "adherence to the enemy," on the ground that whig politics and Catholic religion is very much alike. And it may be that you will receive a Vicarage, if faithful to their interest, and "the darkness of Catholicism should not be dispelled, and she brought into the light and liberty [not the intolerance] of Protestantism?"

But "what shocks all common sense," the Bath Tribune declares that the whigs are "the real Democratic party—the party of humanity." Very humane to starve our army, rather than vote it supplies; and to prolong the time of making the appropriations, required by Government to prosecute the war, when they acknowledged that by delay the enemy might obtain the advantage of us, and that if the war is not terminated before the sickly season commenced, thousands of our men may fall victims to disease. Very humane to threaten to starve out "liberty voters." Yes, and they are even willing that "the rich should take care of the poor," and sit in the world they ask

—liberal souls—is, that "Government take care of the rich." Plenty of humanity! Where's Graves, the murderer?

SENATOR CORWIN.

Mr. Corwin says, in his traitorous speech as senator of the whig papers virtually call it, as he was about to vote against the army and appropriation bills: "I could have cried as did the man of Uz in his affliction in the olden time. 'What time my friends were warm they vanish, when it is hot, they are consumed out of their places.'"

Thus he wickedly compares himself to Job, "who feared God and eschewed evil." No wonder he felt "afflicted," when he was about to take sides with the enemy, against his own country,—and had he not been destitute of all sense of feeling, he might have said with Job,—"at this also my heart trembled." But, how much was he like Job? He had two friends, Job had three. He embraced his as his only comfort, and adopted their opinions and advice. Job rejected the opinions of his as "lies,"—"miserable comforters are ye all." Corwin's friends might have applied to him very justly the language of Eliphaz, very improperly addressed to Job: "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good? Thy mouth uttereth thy iniquity, and thou chooseth the tongue of the crafty. Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee." Had the noble Senator consulted Job a little more carefully, he might have "cried" with him, "behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once more have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no farther;" and thus saved himself from the disgrace of his last speech, and the people from saying in their hearts, "he uttereth words without knowledge,"—"shall vain words have an end?" No—only as the mountain in travail brought forth a mouse.

WINE HUMILITY.—"But it is my very humility which makes me bold."—*Corwin's Speech*.

Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

At a Convention of the citizens of Buckfield, held at Buckfield, on the 31st day of March, 1847, to take into consideration the project of a Branch Rail Road from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, through West Minot and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, Doct. WILLIAM BRIDGHAM was chosen President, and AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

Voted to choose a committee of five to report Resolutions on the subject before the Convention.

S. F. Brown of Buckfield, Zury Robinson of Sumner, Cyrus Ricker of Hartford, George Cobb of Minot, and Benjamin F. Parsons of West Minot, were chosen said Committee.

While this committee were engaged in preparing the Resolutions, V. D. Parris, Esq., of Portland, introduced a resolution to the Convention a letter from A. Parris, Esq., of Portland, one of the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, on the subject under consideration, in which he expresses his opinion highly favorable to the enterprise, and gives very enlightened views of principles and facts pertaining to it; all highly gratifying to the audience.

The following Resolutions were reported by the Committee, and after discussion by the Convention, adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That Rail Roads are fast becoming and in future will be the most important, useful and economical means of transportation of persons and property, where water communication is not enjoyed; and even in many instances will supplant that. By their great facility of intercommunication, nations are brought into neighborly relations; foreigners become social friends—distinct societies intermingling their social enjoyments and interchanging their moral, mental, and spiritual improvements. Ignorance is dispelled, knowledge is increased, and a helping hand is presented to all the noble enterprises of the statesman, the patriot and the philanthropist. That the acquisition of wealth, in every form, is vastly facilitated, and the means of happiness greatly increased.

Resolved, That the inhabitants of Oxford County, from their insular situation, have hitherto suffered greatly from the want of an adequate and convenient market; that now, through the facilities offered by the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, they may expect to find an ample relief, and therefore they are called upon with emphatic voice, to contribute in aid of its completion.

Resolved, That a Branch Rail Road, branching off from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, and passing through West Minot Village and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, would greatly subserve the interests of a large population; not those immediately on its line, but others more remote, comprising the inhabitants of Sumner, Hartford, Canton, Peru, Dixfield and Carthage, and part of those of Turner, Livermore and Jay.

Resolved, That the facilities for constructing a Branch Rail Road, as named in the third Resolution, are remarkably favorable; the route being nearly level and the land easily graded; and that within the limits of persons who would be benefited by the road, are ample means for meeting the expenses of its construction; and therefore

Resolved, That we proceed forthwith to the initiatory measures for the construction of BUCKFIELD BRANCH RAIL ROAD.

Voted, To proceed forthwith to take a memorandum of the sum which each member of this Convention now present will pledge himself to take of the Stock of the contemplated Road.

Having gone through with the subscription as above, the result was found to be \$22,100 from the citizens of Buckfield, and \$2,800 from gentlemen from other towns. The weather being stormy the attendance from other towns than Buckfield was very limited.

Voted, To choose Committees in each town interested to solicit subscriptions to the Stock of the Road.

Choose Nath. Prince, Adam Thompson, and Sydenham Bridgman, for Buckfield.

George Cobb, Thomas Bridgman, and Joseph Hutchins, for Hebron.

Sampson Reed, Edmund Irish Jr., and Richard Hutchins, for Hartford.

Benjamin F. Parsons, for Minot.

Otis Hayford and William Thompson, for Canton.

James Chase, for Peru.

Jeremiah Howe and Zury Robinson, for Sumner.

Charles T. Chase and Sam'l Morrill, for Dixfield.

Voted, To petition the Legislature at their next Session for an Act of Incorporation under the name of Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

Choose V. D. Parris, Esq., as an Agent to present the petition and represent the petitioners before the Legislature.

Voted, That Mr. Parris be requested to present the thanks of this Convention to Mr. Poor for his very excellent letter, so full of information and advice necessary to the accomplishment of our great object; and to the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road for their generous offer of assistance.

Voted, To adjourn this meeting to be held at ten o'clock A. M.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Oxford Democrat, Eastern Argus, and Portland Advertiser.

WILLIAM BRIDGHAM, President.

AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

ATLANTIC & ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD. We learn that the Directors of this Road have ordered the location to be continued from Mechanic Falls, in Minot, to the South Village in this town. Also that they have ordered the section between Auburn and Mechanic Falls to be put under contract for grading forthwith.

Our Portland friends anticipate that the "iron horse" will come snorting into their beautiful city from the northeast, as early as November next, and we have little doubt their anticipations will be realized. Success to them.

A session of the Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office on Tuesday next, 13th inst.

News by the Magnetic Telegraph from New York to Boston papers, dated April 1, 2 1/2 o'clock P. M., states that on the 24th there was no general engagement, both armies being occupied in carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. After the 24th there was no more fighting. The Mexican troops, famishing, and convinced that they could not drive Gen. Taylor from his position, retired.

It was reported that Gen. Ureia had retreated towards the Tula Pass, when Col. Curtis marched against him, and it was also said that Santa Anna was falling back upon San Luis Potosi. Dr. Turner thinks that he retreated to Parais. The N. Y. Evening Mirror has a letter from New Orleans, which says—We have news of the defeat of Ureia by Col. Curtis.

Gen. Taylor was said to have been at Buena Vista on the 6th ult.

The New Orleans Delta has a letter from Monterey, which states that Capt. Cassius M. Clay and his men have all been exchanged.

Good—hit him again! An Englishman in Halifax wrote to his Boston correspondent, "How does your locofoco war get along?" The Bostonian sent him a "History of the Battle of Bunker Hill" as a reply.

Whig Catechism.—"John, my boy, what was the spirit exhibited by the whigs in 1840? Speak up and tell the gentleman, like a little man." "Hard thider and Brandy thider, sir," replied the hapless scion of federal stock.

The State of Connaught, of which the chief town is Sligo, is nearly all covered by two moorlands named Sannichs. They own 20,000 persons, or slaves.

A son of S. H. Stevens, of Oxford, aged 7 years, was suffocated and died upon entering a potato hole in which a kettle of coals had been placed. A brother two years older barely escaped.

From four things God preserve us; a painted woman, a conceited valet, salt beef without mustard, and a little late dinner.

ELOPEMENT IN ST. LOUIS. An interesting case of elopement occurred in St. Louis a few days ago, which was followed up by an assault and battery on the injured husband. The St. Louis Reveille says that while the husband was absent from the city, his wife, taking all her effects, left the premises provided by her husband, and took up quarters with her paramour somewhere in the neighborhood of the Mound. On his return, hearing of the new arrangement, the husband paid the parties a visit, caught his rival luxuriously lounging on a sofa, enjoying a cigar! & gave him a severe thrashing; then, giving his false spouse also a cowhiding, he declared himself perfectly satisfied, and informed Mrs. P. that, hereafter, she was at perfect liberty to love the other. [Dea.]

The Bangoreans are wide awake upon the subject of a railroad into the county of Somerset. We think the best route for their interest would be to keep as far into the interior as possible, and thence on to the county of Franklin.—By this course, they would command a much larger share of the country trade than they would to connect direct with the Waterville road. [Skowhegan Clarion.]

A New Traffic. The English have just discovered an article of importation, viz: that of human teeth. The savages of Australia have magnificent teeth which they consent to extract for a handkerchief, knife, or some article of the like value. A merchant has conceived the idea of speculating in the same, and has sent to England several cases of teeth, which he has very advantageously disposed of to the London dentists.

NEVER GIVE UP, so long as it is in your power to avail yourself of that justly celebrated remedy for Coughs, Colds, and every species of Lung Complaint, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Mr. S. W. Fowler, if you think the following certificate is worth publishing, it is at your service:

I hereby certify that I was afflicted with a very troublesome Cough for about one year. I tried a great many different remedies recommended to me, but all to no purpose; finding that I was not getting any better, I was induced to try

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry; and accordingly procured a bottle of Edward Mason, Druggist and Apothecary in Portland. After using it according to directions, I can truly say, it CURED ME ENTIRELY. I am now well and able to attend to my work, and would sincerely recommend it to any one afflicted with any disease of the Lungs.

DAVID ALLEN.

Witness—GEORGE ALLEN, Fownal, Cumberland Co. Me., Oct. 14, 1845. None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS.

DIED.

In this Village yesterday, very suddenly, a child of Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin, aged about 3 years.

In Winthrop, Mr. Lewis L. Cummings, Engineer on the Lewiston and Waterville Rail Road.

In Kennebec Port, 14th ult., Mr. Edward Nason &

son of the Revolution, aged 91 years. He was one of Arnold's party in the trying expedition to Canada through the wilderness of Maine, in the fall of 1776. He was also connected with the army under Gates at the time of Burgoyne's capture.

In Parsonsfield, Mr. Daniel Eastman, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 91.

OXFORD, ss. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

October Term, A. D. 1846.

To the Hon. Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court now sitting at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford.

RESPECTFULLY represents, TIMOTHY WALKER, of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, that he is seized in fee simple of certain real estate, situated in the County of Oxford, as tenant in common with sundry co-tenants unknown to your petitioner, to wit, Andover North Surplus containing by estimation fifteen thousand nine hundred and sixty acres, exclusive of lands reserved, of which said Surplus your petitioner is seized in severalty of six hundred acres in fee simple, and is also seized of three undivided fourth parts of the remainder of the land in said Andover North Surplus as tenant in common, as aforesaid.

Being an seized and being desirous of possessing and holding the same in fee simple of certain real estate, situated in the County of Oxford, your petitioner prays this Hon. Court that partition of said Andover North Surplus be made and that his proportion of the same so held in common may be set out to him in severalty, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

TIMOTHY WALKER.

By LYMAN RAWSON, his Attorney.

Oxford, ss.—Supreme Judicial Court, October Term. A. D. 1846.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioner cause an attested copy of said Petition and this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court, to be held at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, MATTHEW TORIN, of Byron, in the August twentieth, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, conveyed to ANASIA RICHARDS a lot of land in the town of Byron, being lot numbered two in the fifth range of lots in said Byron; and whereas the said Richards on the fifth day of October, eighteen hundred and forty-four, assigned to your petitioner, a mortgage and note to the subscriber, and the conditions of said mortgage being broken, the subscriber claims to foreclose the same, according to the Statute made and provided.

TIMOTHY WALKER.

Rumford, March 29, 1847.

FERDINAND A. WARREN,

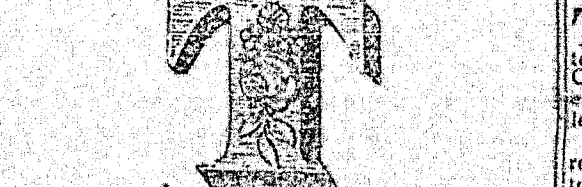
Saddle & Harness Maker,

Buckfield Village.

KEEPS constantly on hand and for sale, Harnesses, Saddles, Trunks, and Valises, which will be sold cheap for Cash or country Produce.

Repairing promptly done in a faithful manner.

March 5th, 1847. One4



5 Chests Souchang, Ningyong.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received from New York, and for sale by BROWN & CO.

Steep Falls, Norway, Feb. 6, 1847. 40

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand and forty seven.

ON the Petition of MARANDA FULLER, Widow of Amos Fuller, late of said Paris, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband,

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest—GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

47 Copy—Attest GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford.

JANE R. SEVER, ELIZABETH P. SEVER, of Kingston, in the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executors of the last will and testament of James Sever, late of the said Plymouth, respectfully represent that the same James Sever late of the said Kingston, has deceased, testator as aforesaid, and that his last will and testament has been duly proved and allowed in the Court of Probate, held at Plymouth, on the fourth day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and forty six, and letters testamentary have been granted to them by said Court; a copy of which will and of the probate thereof, under the seal of said Court, is here in court produced—and your petitioners further represent that the said James Sever died possessed of lands and real estate, situated in Turner, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on which said will operates, and which ought to be administered thereto—Wherefore they pray that the copy of said will and probate may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office in said County of Oxford, and such proceedings had thereupon, as to law and justice shall appear.

By STEPHEN EMERY, their Attorney.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of March, A. D. 1847.

UPON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of said petition with this Order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the Fourth Tuesday of April next, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, within and for said County, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

JOB PRINCE, Junior.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken oaths of office as Executors of the last Will and Testament of

ISAAC HOWE, late of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to this said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

IRA M. HOWE, CHRISTOPHER DRYANT.

Greenwood, March 2, 1847.

State of Maine.

OXFORD, ss: To the Sheriff, of our Counties of Oxford, York, Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec, Somerset, Piscataquis, Hancock, Washington, Waldo, Franklin, Piscataquis and Aroostook, or either of their Deputies; and to the Constables of any of the towns in said Counties: Greeting.

WE Command You to attach the goods or estate of ABNER DOWNING, of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars; and summon the said defendant, (if he may be found in your precinct,) to appear before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1846, then and there, in our Court, to answer unto BENJAH PRATT, Jr., of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, in a plea of the case, for that the said Abner Downing at Oxford, to wit, at Paris on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, by his note of hand of that date by him signed, for value received, promised Benjah Pratt, Jr., the plaintiff, to pay him, or his order, seventy-five dollars in April then next following, which time has long since past, yet the defendant, through default and refusal so to do; to the damage of the said plaintiff (as he says) the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear with due damages. And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, DANIEL GOODNOW, Esq., at Paris, the eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

OXFORD, ss: WESTERN DISTRICT COURT, November Term, 1846.

Benjah Pratt, Jr., Plf. v. Abner Downing, Defl.

ON the foregoing action it is Ordered, that the Plaintiff cause an attested copy of the Writ and of this Order of Court thereon, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court to be held at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June next, that the said Defendant may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of the Writ and Order of Court thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, on the sixth day of April, A. D. 1841, GEORGE W. RIPLEY, of Paris in the County of Oxford, conveyed to MOSES HAMMOND, of said Paris, by his deed of mortgage of that date, a certain piece of land situated in said Paris,—being the same premises that are described in a deed given by Jacob Jackson to the said Moses Hammond, dated the twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. 1839, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 56, page 203; which mortgage deed is recorded in said Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 64, page 318. And whereas the said Moses Hammond on the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1845, transferred by his deed of assignment duly executed, the aforesaid mortgaged premises to me, the undersigned, this is to notify all whom it may concern, that I claim to foreclose said mortgaged premises for condition broken, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ORISON RILEY.

Paris, March 17, 1847. 46

Notice.

THE Directors of the MAINE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY have made their semi-annual assessment to meet the losses sustained by the Company, since January 24, 1846, and all incidental expenses, and have committed the bills to me for collection.

The members of said Company are hereby severally requested to pay, each his proportion of said assessment, to me at the Office of the Company in Gorham, or to some person authorized by me, in their vicinity, within thirty days from the 20th day of April next.

J. WATERMAN, Collector.

Gorham, March 18, 1847. 45

SPECTACLES!

A Good assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber.

Call and see. B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. 1845

SPRING GOODS.

THE subscribers are making important additions to their Stock of Goods, and flatter themselves that they now have a most complete assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Embracing Broad Cloths of every variety of shade, color and price—a heavy and substantial article for \$2.00 per yard, and fine German from \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Fine Tweeds from 42 to 75 cents.

Fine Silks and Cassimeres from 60 cents to \$2.00.

Satinets, at any price.

And the CASHMERE, DE LAINES, ALPACCAS, SHEETINGS, CAMBRICS, LINENS and

PRINTS.

Can't be beat.

They have also opened a WARE ROOM for the sale of

FURNITURE,

PAPER HANGINGS, CARPETS, RUGS, &c.

and would invite the public to call and examine their Goods in that line.

They have also a heavy Stock of

West India Goods & Groceries,

IRON and STEEL, and CROCKERY and SHELF HARD WARE,

—ALSO—

NOVA SCOTIA GRIND STONES,

At three quarters of a cent per lb.

SALT.

At 4 1/2 cents per bushel, and other things in proportion.

BROWN & CO.

Steep Falls, March 9, 1847. 44

NOTICE.

Sealed Proposals.

WILL be received at the Office of the Clerk of the County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at any time previous to the next May Term, for furnishing the materials and erecting a building as particularly described in a Report on file in said Clerk's Office. Persons desirous of contracting for the whole, or any part, are referred to said Report for a description of the building, and the quantity and quality of the material required.

By order of Co. Comm's of Oxford County.

Paris, March 10, 1847. One45

Norway Advertiser please copy.

TOWN ORDERS.

BLANKS for Town Orders for sale at this Office—Also—Quitclaim, Warranty, and Mortgages Deeds—Also—Justice Executions. Also Justice Writs—Citations to Creditor. All orders, accompanied by the cash, promptly attended to.

Feb. 23, 1847.

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